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AND OTHER POEMS  
|| || BY WILLIAM  
HERBERT CARRUTH





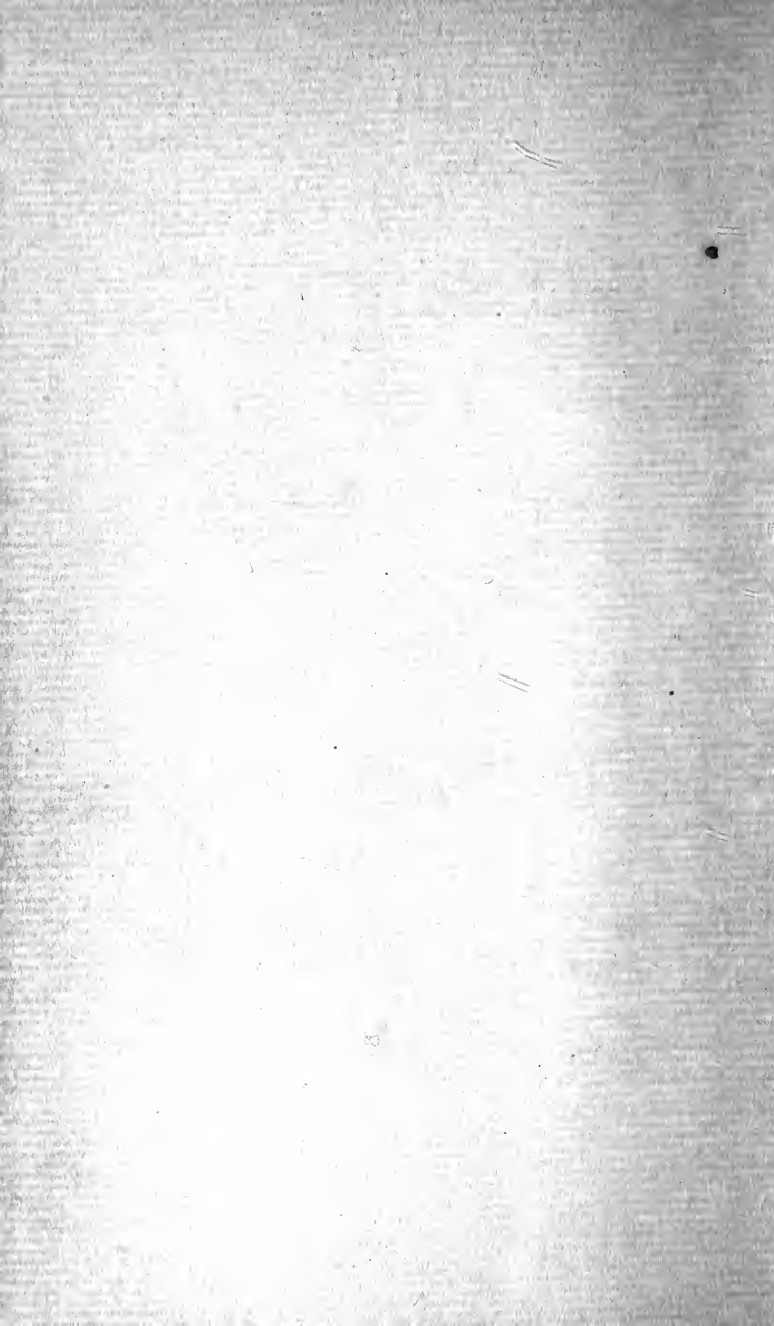
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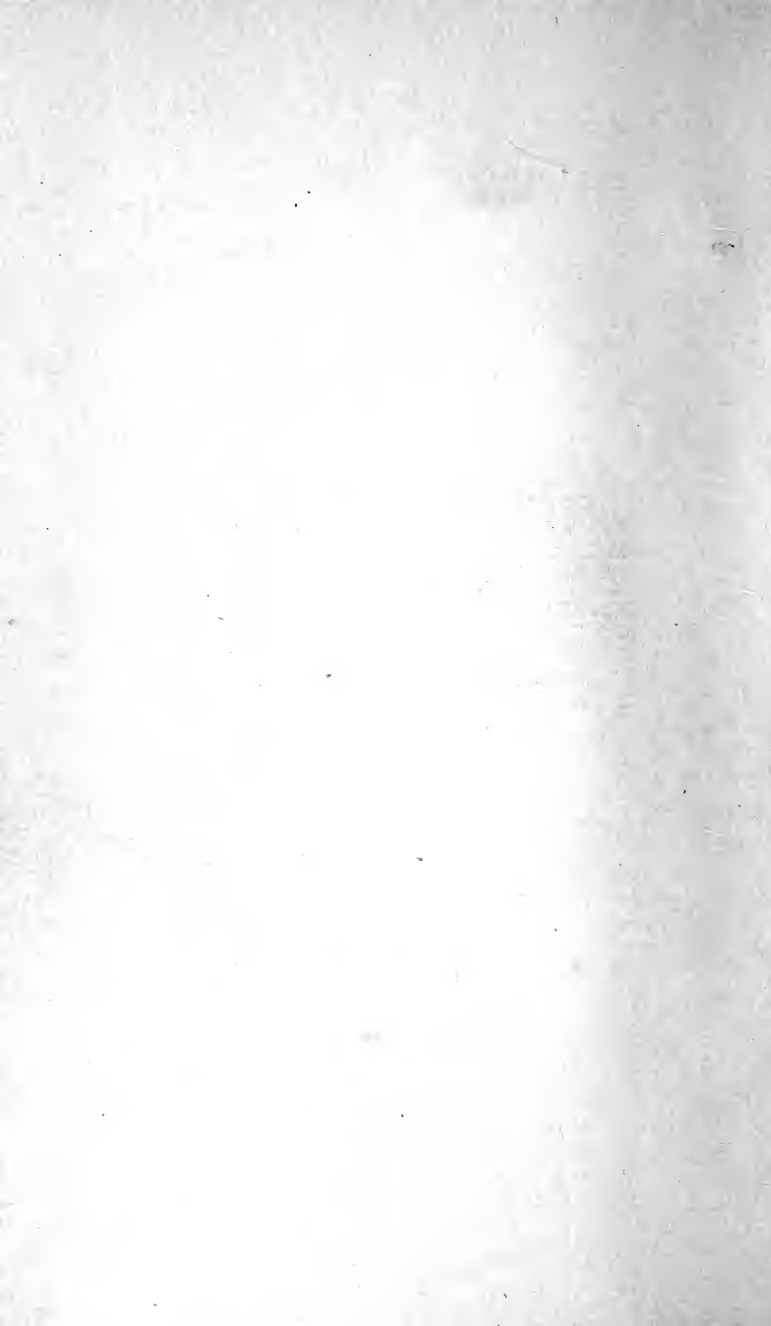
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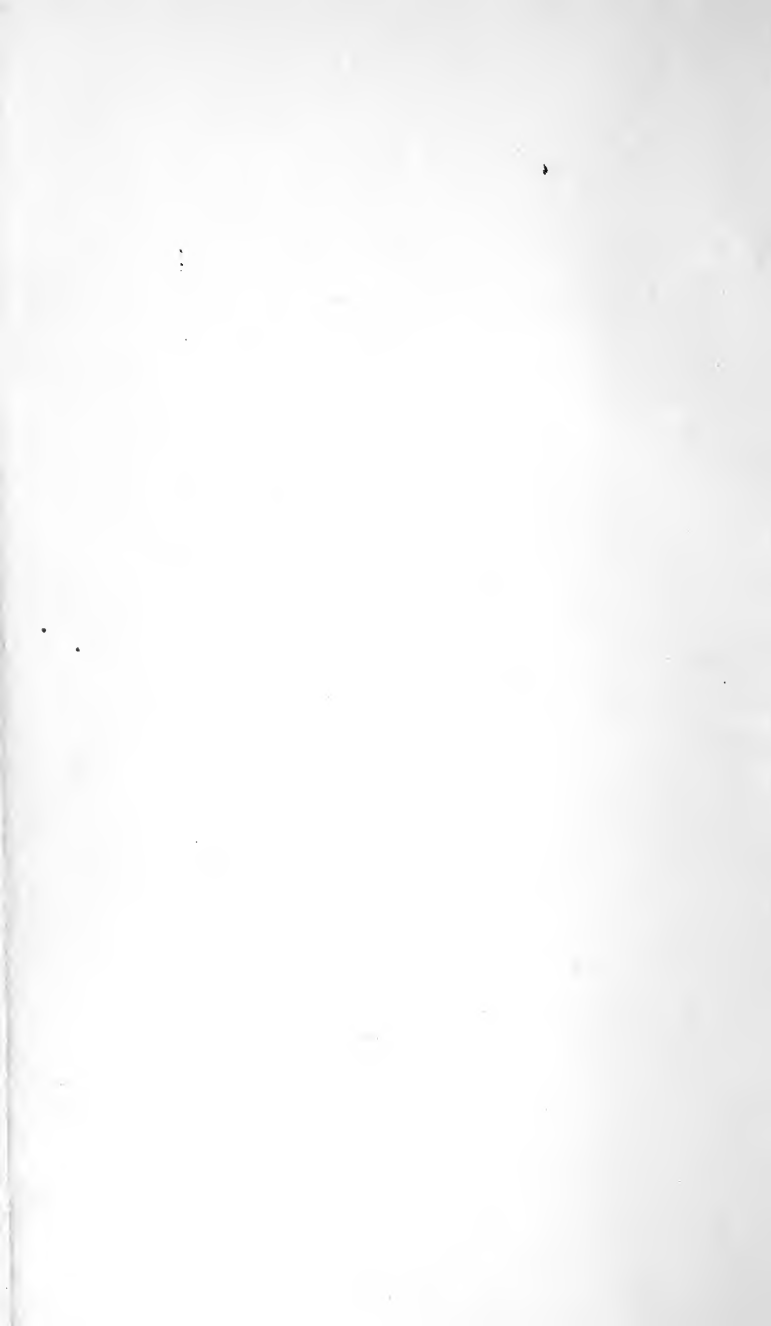






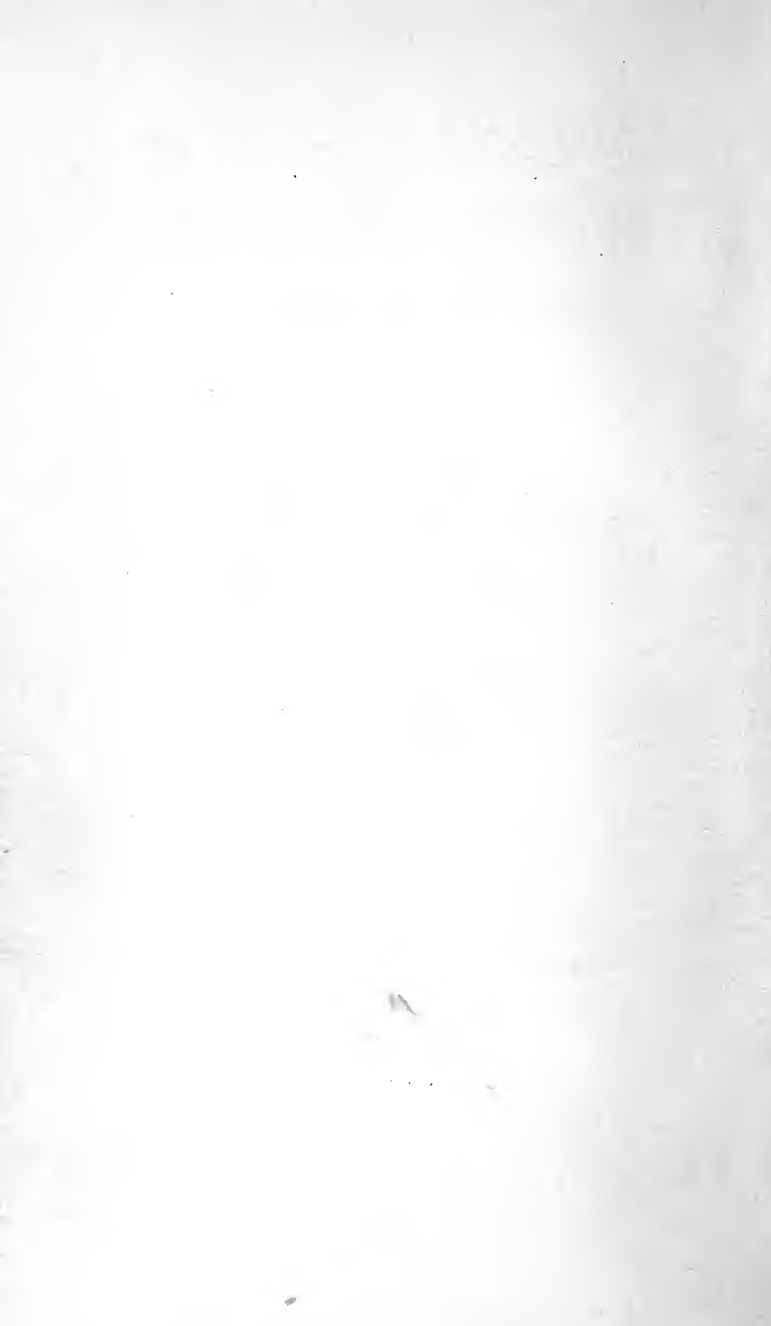












# EACH IN      ✖      ✖ HIS OWN TONGUE

AND OTHER POEMS

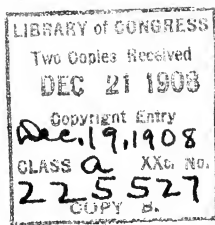
BY

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK & LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press  
1908

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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## MY WILL

*FOR thee my will, which I 've been told  
Imperious was and hard to hold—  
For thee 't is changed; I think 't is right  
That I should tell thee how the might  
Of love like thine my soul doth mould.  
So heed once more thy teacher bold,  
Whose heart hath not with years grown  
cold;*

*Life's lesson I will read aright  
For thee, my Will:  
Age sweeter grows if love unfold  
Our being while we 're growing old;  
Who 'd wish to be more erudite  
Than read with lover's deeper sight  
The lore that 's writ in living gold  
For thee, my Will.*

FRANCES SCHLEGEL CARRUTH.

## EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jelly-fish and a saurian,  
And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty  
And a face turned from the clod,—  
Some call it Evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
The infinite, tender sky,  
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
And the wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the golden-rod,—  
Some of us call it Autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in:

Come from the mystic ocean  
Whose rim no foot has trod,—  
Some of us call it Longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood;  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway plod,—  
Some call it Consecration,  
And others call it God.

## A RHYME OF THOMAS THE DOUBTER

WHEN the Master had finished the  
story of the sower and the  
seed,

And had shown his disciples the lesson  
of rock and wayside and weed,

Then up spoke Thomas the Doubter,  
and his brow was furrowed with  
thought,—

He had seen a darker problem in the  
lesson that was taught.

“Master,” said Thomas the Doubter,  
“when the seed sown is the word,  
I can see the meaning right plainly of  
the lesson we have heard;

“But, Master, say that the sower were  
God and the seed were men,  
And some of them fell by the wayside,  
what were the lesson then?

“For I see men daily, my brothers, like  
the seed of which you spoke,  
And among the thorns fall many, and  
the thorns spring up and choke.

“And some of them, good Master, fall  
where the soil is scant,  
And they perish there for the absence of  
the life for which they pant.

“It is easy,” said Thomas the Doubter,  
“for those on good soil cast,  
For they have their joy of living and  
the harvest at the last;

“But those who fall by the wayside, in  
thorns and on stony ground,  
Are they like the seed grain scattered by  
a careless hand around?”

But the Master was silent and mourn-  
ful, and his brow was furrowed with  
thought,  
And there lay on his soul a burden which  
Thomas the Doubter had wrought.

## GOD BLESS YOU

WHEN you 've struggled hard and  
long  
And the battle has gone wrong  
And a world of cares oppress you,  
Like cool water from a spring,  
Like the balm the south winds bring,  
Are the simple words, "God bless  
you."

When you 're going far away,  
Far from all you love to stray,  
And the parting-pangs distress you,  
Like a sunbeam in the heart,  
Though the choking tears may start,  
Are the words, "Good-by, God bless  
you."

When the bitter days are past,  
When your joy is full at last,  
And the winds of heaven caress you,

Then the heart will overflow  
While the happy head bends low  
And a true friend says, "God bless  
you."

Be his faith in James or Paul,  
One God, many, or none at all,  
Whose kind lips the words address  
you,  
Nothing matters; when it needs,  
Doubts, philosophies and creeds  
Are forgotten in "God bless you."

## IT IS GLORY ENOUGH

**I**T is glory enough to have shouted the  
name  
Of the living God in the teeth of an  
army of foes;  
To have thrown all prudence and fore-  
thought away  
And for once to have followed the call  
of the soul  
Out into the danger of darkness, of ruin  
and death.  
To have counselled with right, not suc-  
cess, for once,  
Is glory enough for one day.

It is glory enough for one day  
To have marched out alone before the  
seats of the scornful,  
Their fingers all pointing your way;  
To have felt and wholly forgotten the  
branding-iron of their eyes;  
To have stood up proud and reliant on  
only your soul  
And go calmly on with your duty—  
It is glory enough.



It is glory enough to have taken the  
perilous risk;  
Instead of investing in stocks and paid-  
up insurance for one,  
To have fitted a cruiser for right to  
adventure a sea full of shoals;  
To sail without chart and with only the  
stars for a guide;  
To have dared to lose with all the  
chances for losing  
Is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day  
To have dreamed the bright dream of  
the reign of right;  
To have fastened your faith like a flag to  
that immaterial staff  
And have marched away, forgetting  
your base of supplies.  
And while the worldly wise see nothing  
but shame and ignoble retreat,  
And though far ahead the heart may  
faint and the flesh prove weak—  
To have dreamed that bold dream is  
glory enough,  
Is glory enough for one day.

## DREAMERS OF DREAMS

WE are all of us dreamers of dreams;  
On visions our childhood is  
fed;

And the heart of the child is unhaunted,  
it seems,

By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.

From childhood to youth's but a span  
And the years of our youth are soon  
sped;

Yet the youth is no longer a youth, but  
a man,

When the first of his dreams is dead.

There's no sadder sight this side the  
grave

Than the shroud o'er a fond dream  
spread,

And the heart should be stern and the  
eyes be brave

To gaze on a dream that is dead.

'T is as a cup of wormwood and gall  
When the doom of a great dream is  
said,  
And the best of a man is under the pall  
When the best of his dreams is dead.

He may live on by compact and plan  
When the fine bloom of living is shed,  
But God pity the little that 's left of a  
man  
When the last of his dreams is dead.

Let him show a brave face if he can,  
Let him woo fame or fortune instead,  
Yet there 's not much to do but bury a  
man  
When the last of his dreams is dead.

## WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS

WHEN the cannon booms,  
When the war-drums rattle fiercely  
And the feet of men in khaki hammer  
time out on the pave,  
It is easy to be brave;  
It is easy to believe that God is angry  
with the other  
Man, our brother,  
And has left the sword of Gideon in our  
wayward human hand,  
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,  
When the battle-flags are fluttering and  
men are going mad  
With the blind desire for glory,  
Filled with visions grand and gory

It is easy to assent  
To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing  
creed;  
It is easy to believe God is with the big  
battalions,  
Whether cherubim or hellions,  
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,  
When the primal love of fighting stirs  
the tiger in our blood,  
And the fascinating smell  
Of the sulphur-fumes of hell  
Rouses memories of the pit from which  
our human nature rose,

It is easy to forget  
God was not found in the earthquake,  
in the strong wind or the fire;  
It is easy to forget how at last the  
prophet heard Him  
As a still, small voice,  
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,  
When the war-lords strut and swagger

And the battle-ships are plowing for the  
bitter crop of death,  
While the shouting rends the ear,  
Echoing from the empyrean,  
It is difficult to hear  
Through the din the Galilean  
With his calm voice preaching peace on  
earth to men;  
'T will be easier to claim,  
If we will, the Christian name,  
To become as little children and be men  
of gentle will,  
When the cannon booms—the cannon  
booms—no more.

HOW CAN ONE HEART HOLD  
THEM BOTH ?

S NOWY bosoms, silks, and musk,  
Music, laughter, raillery, wit;—  
Thin forms slinking through the dusk  
Where despair and famine flit:  
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,  
How can one heart hold them both?

Books, seclusion, lettered labor,  
Burning thirst for name and fame;—  
Helpful love for friend and neighbor,  
Sympathy for blind and lame:  
Poet, preacher, tell me sooth,  
How can one heart hold them both?

Art, æsthetic teas, and science,  
Pride, precedence, pedigrees;—  
Gaunt toil full of fierce defiance,  
Hovels full of fell disease:  
Poet, statesman, tell me sooth,  
How can one State hold them both?

## THE TIME TO STRIKE

**M**Y God, I am weary of waiting for  
the year of jubilee;

I know that the cycle of man is a mo-  
ment only to thee;

They have held me back with preaching  
what the patience of God is like,

But the world is weary of waiting; will  
it never be time to strike?

When my hot heart rose in rebellion at  
the wrongs my fellows bore,

It was "Wait until prudent saving has  
gathered you up a store";

And "Wait till a higher station brings  
value in men's eyes";

And "Wait till the gray-streaked hair  
shall argue your counsel wise."

The hearts that kindled with mine are  
caught in the selfsame net;

One waits to master the law, though his  
heartstrings vibrate yet;



And one is heaping up learning, and  
many are heaping up gold,  
And some are fierce in the forum, while  
slowly we all wax old.

The rights of man are a byword; the  
bones are not yet dust  
Of those who broke the shackles and the  
shackles are not yet rust  
Till the masters are forging new ones,  
and coward lips are sealed  
While the code that cost a million lives  
is step by step repealed.

The wily world-enchantress is working  
her cursed charm,  
The spell of the hypnotizer is laming us  
head and arm;  
The wrong dissolves in a cloudbank of  
"whether" and "if" and "still,"  
And the subtleties of logic inhibit the  
sickly will.

The bitter lesson of patience I have  
practised, lo! these years;  
Can it be, what has passed for prudence  
was prompted by my fears?

Can I doubt henceforth in my choosing,  
if such a choice I must have,  
Between being wise and craven or being  
foolish and brave?

Whenever the weak and weary are ridden  
down by the strong,  
Whenever the voice of honor is drowned  
by the howling throng,  
Whenever the right pleads clearly while  
the lords of life are dumb,  
The times of forbearance are over and  
the time to strike is come.

## PEACE, BE STILL

PEACE, storm and conflict, peace!  
What is the use? be still!  
Catch breath, and feel the thrill  
Of the remorseless engine pumping  
out your life days one by one.  
What is the fight when won?  
Cease, hot rebellion, cease!

That tempest, where is it now?  
The wren on the cherry-bough  
Bubbles with pent-up joy;  
The cricket there in the grass is as  
sober now as before; the team-  
ster whistles and the maid  
trudges void of thought;  
Pass your hand over your brow;  
Where is that tempest now?

Nowhere, then, but within?

There, too, let it subside.

See the sweet sunshine sleeping on  
that wall!

The sky is blue and wide;

Out yonder, kin by kin,

Thousands, their hot pulse stilled  
forever 'neath the sod, sleep,  
storms and all,—

They, too, would have their will;

What have they now? Be still.

## IF HE SHOULD COME

IF He should come in such a guise  
As once He wore 'neath Judah's  
    skies,  
And walk about as He did then  
Among the busy throngs of men,  
And call them to the Last Assize,—  
Would not He meet incredulous eyes  
And pity or amused surprise  
From every Christian citizen,  
If He should come?

The scribes and Pharisees would not  
    rise,  
Stung by His lashings of their lies,  
To nail Him to the cross again,  
But merely tap their foreheads when  
He spoke, with sympathetic sighs,  
If He should come.

## THE PLAINT OF THE FRUITLESS FIG-TREE

I HAD been humbly following his path  
From the low manger where he saw  
the light,  
Through all its wanderings until the day  
When the glad populace strewed the  
way with palms  
Before the King upon the ass's foal.  
I think that exultation and amaze  
Must have contended in him, and the  
dream  
Of Judah regnant may have dazzled  
him.  
He turned away and went to Bethany  
To let the dizzy surge of blood recede  
And leave him calm to meet the coming  
doom.  
Thither I followed, and at sultry noon  
I sank beside the road beneath a tree  
That spread a scanty foliage of brown  
And cast the shadow of a shadow o'er  
The turf hummock where I laid my  
head.

*The Plaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree* 23

I thought I would not sleep, and fixed  
my eye

On one unhappy tuft of yellow leaves,  
A-marvelling how the all-enlivening  
spring

Had left this one tree destitute of green.  
And as I gazed the quivering noon was  
moved;

A little zephyr set the leaves astir,  
And from their midst the eager silence  
spoke:

" I am the fruitless fig-tree;  
Hearken what made my name  
In all the wide world-garden  
A byword and a shame.

" Bright were the spring days on me,  
My spreading leaves among  
The pale green buds were swelling,  
And low my branches hung.

" Weary and sorely troubled  
Came one along the way,  
And paused with his friends beside me,  
Late on a sunny day.

24 *The Complaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree*

“ Vainly among my branches  
For cooling fruit they sought—  
Surely they knew that in April  
The search must be for nought?

“ Stern grew the brow of the leader;  
He opened his mouth and spake  
A heavy curse against me,—  
A curse for the season's sake.

“ How could I comprehend it?  
I thought he must know why;  
And I saw my foliage wither  
With only a gentle sigh.

“ But the little birds that gathered  
Beneath my leaves at night,  
And the bees, were grieved about it  
And could not find it right.

“ I have questioned many a doctor  
And many a cowled saint,  
But none of them all can tell me  
The cause of my punishment.



*The Complaint of the Fruitless Fig-Tree* 25

“ And so through summer and winter  
Barren and brown I stand;  
I grieve and puzzle about it  
And cannot understand.

“ I am waiting now for the Judgment,  
For the dawn of the righteous day,  
When the curse and the shame and the  
evil fame  
Shall be lifted and blown away.”

. . . . .  
The shifting sunlight fell athwart my  
eyes,—  
I stirred, and opened them, and looking  
up  
Beheld the dull green branches full of  
fruit.  
I got my staff in hand, and all the way  
To Bethany I marvelled o’er and o’er,  
Whether I dreamed at first, and made  
the plaint  
While wide awake, or whether when I  
woke  
I woke into a dream, or whether when  
I read that strange tale in the Book, I  
dream.

## THE BROTHER OF THE PRODIGAL SON

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BROTHER  
AND THE FATHER OF THE PRODIGAL

### THE BROTHER

Sire, my heart is sore to-day;  
Sire, I have somewhat to say.  
I do not grudge my brother aught  
Of the joys this day has brought;  
Less thou couldst not well have done,  
Seeing that he is thy son;  
Yet it rankles in my heart,—  
I that chose the better part  
Never from thy lips have heard  
Blessing or approving word.

### THE FATHER

Yea, the better part hadst thou,  
Hence no need of comfort now.  
Thou dost know the joy serene  
Come of hand and conscience clean.

Every time we sat at food  
Was a feast of gratitude;  
Duty's blessings clustering hung  
Daily the dark leaves among.

THE BROTHER

Sire, the heart thou know'st not well;  
Very little it doth tell  
In the glow of youth's springtide  
Of a conscience satisfied.  
Nay, a poor joy it would be  
To contemplate constantly  
How in spite of us the real  
Falls below the high ideal.  
Duty's not the only tooth  
Gnawing at the heart of youth.

THE FATHER

Son, thou grieveest me right sore,—  
Scarce thy brother grieved me more;  
He was blind, and blinding sin  
Hid the way that he was in;  
He has chewed the bitter root,  
Found how little it doth boot;

28 *The Brother of the Prodigal Son*

Now an outcast, contrite, poor,  
Comes he to his father's door,  
And thou grudgest him a sup  
From thine ever-brimming cup.

THE BROTHER

When my brother went away  
And my duty bade me stay,  
Think not 't was an easy thing;  
I too heard the sirens sing,  
And that song rang in my ears  
All the dull, monotonous years  
While with cheerless heart I wooed  
That cold, unresponsive prude  
Virtue, and the sun will set  
With the sweet song ringing yet.

THE FATHER

Much I marvel at thy word;  
Such wild thoughts I never heard  
From thine erewhile temperate tongue  
Here, the white-fleeced flocks among.  
Daily with the calm-eyed kine  
Following down the furrow-line,

Whence, in such meek company,  
Did these fierce thoughts come to thee?  
Sure thy brain is overwrought  
That thou countest virtue naught.

THE BROTHER

Virtue is a glittering star,  
Very cold and very far;  
Sin is warm and fierce and near,  
Ever whispering in our ear.  
You whose arteries quiet flow,  
Little do you dream or know,  
While we go about our work,  
How the lures of hell do lurk  
In the unseen, surging flood  
Of our hot, tempestuous blood.

THE FATHER

Sin at hand and virtue far,—  
Soul and sense in thee at war,—  
Yet the struggle left no trace  
On thy firm, impassive face?  
This is born of some disease;  
Never such mad words as these  
Came from thine own natural heart  
From all poison-taint apart.

30 *The Brother of the Prodigal Son*

Or is thine unwarded breast  
By some evil fiend possessed?

THE BROTHER

In the heart's recesses sit  
All the demons of the pit,  
Bound with chains of slightest hair  
Which an easy breath may tear.  
Some in beauty perilous  
Unto pleasure beckon us,  
Some in monstrous shapes of doubt  
Scoff our better yearnings out;—  
Such companions hath the soul  
While the placid seasons roll.

THE FATHER

At the thought of this thy strife,  
As from out another life,  
From the chambers of my past  
Phantom memories gather fast  
Of the storms of other days.  
Time hath greatly changed my ways;  
Duty's habitude doth keep  
Youth's dead passions buried deep,  
Yet these conflicts once were mine  
And my youth was like to thine.

THE BROTHER

Duty, sire, is like the moon,  
Love is like the sun at noon.  
Duty has no heat to make  
Roses from the thorn-bush break.  
Love, love, love, O sire, I crave,—  
Love can make the faint heart brave.  
He who treads the flowerless path  
Likewise need of comfort hath;  
All the charms of virtue prove  
Dust beside the balm of love.

THE FATHER

Son, my heart is strangely moved;  
Justly do I stand reproved.  
All too lightly I forgot  
The temptations of thy lot;  
Homely duties fitly borne  
Match the prodigal's return.  
Yea, for him who never wandered,  
Not less than for him who squandered  
His endowment, should there be  
Fatted calf and jubilee.

*(They go together to the feast)*

## THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY

JESUS sat in the treasury,  
Answering scribe and Pharisee  
Questions of law and subtlety.

Thither a woman to him they brought  
In the act of adultery caught,  
Worthy of death, as Moses taught;

Knowing that Jesus' teachings were  
Love and mercy for all that err,  
Asked him what they should do with  
her.

Stooping, Jesus wrote on the floor  
Something the wise men pondered o'er—  
Hid from the world forevermore.

"He that hath no sins of his own  
May be the first, and he alone,  
At the woman to cast a stone."



This is the judgment the judges heard;  
Thence they slunk with never a word;  
Neither he nor the woman stirred.

After a silence Jesus said:  
"Whither are thine accusers fled?  
Hath none against thee witnessed?"

Answered the woman humbly, "No."  
"Cease from sin," said Jesus; "and lo!  
Neither do I condemn thee. Go."

Natheless the woman did not rise;  
Lifted only her shame-red eyes,  
Gazing at Jesus in helpless wise:

"Death and shame await me whether  
I turn me hither or turn me thither:  
Go, sayest thou; but, Master, whither?"

Did Jesus leave her lying low?  
Gladly the puzzled world would know  
Whither the Master bade her go.

## HEAVEN AND HELL

THE preacher paused at paragraph  
Eight,

In the midst of Paradise;  
From One to Six he had painted the fate  
Of the victims of wilful vice,  
And now he allured to a nobler life  
With visions of future bliss,  
Where ease shall atone for present strife  
And the next world balance this.

But ere he could take up caput Nine  
Some one opened the outer door,  
And heads were turned down the main  
aisle line

At the sound of feet on the floor;  
A woman with eyes that brooked no bar  
Strode through the gallery arch,  
In her right hand bearing a water-jar  
And in her left a torch.

The preacher lifted his solemn eyes  
And mildly shook his head;  
He gazed at the woman in grieved surprise

Who had broken his sermon's thread;  
He raised his voice while she still was far  
And hoped to stay her march:

"What would you here with your water-jar,  
And what would you here with the torch?"

"A shame," she cried, "on your coward creed!

And have you no faith in man?  
I bear this witness 'gainst fear and greed,  
I burn and quench as I can:  
The torch I bear to set heaven afire  
And the water to put out hell,  
That men may cease to do good for hire,  
And the evil from fear to quell."

She came near the altar and swung her torch,  
And dashed the water around,

Then turned and passed through aisle  
and through porch,

While the people sat spell-bound.

She walks the earth with her emblems  
dire

And she works her mission well:

The torch to set high heaven afire

And the water to put out hell.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO  
WOMEN

'T IS nearly nineteen hundred years  
Since the Judean shepherds  
heard

Peal from the solemn, starlit sky

The one supreme, long-needed word,—  
Needed as sadly now as then:

"Peace and good will on earth to men."  
Alas! they caught no chord that hymn in  
Of peace on earth, good will to women.

Down the stern centuries since that night

The angel prophecy has thrilled,  
Aye echoing through the upper air;

On earth it still is unfulfilled.

Men hear the song, strife does not cease;  
Never will come the age of peace  
Until the carol with new vim in  
Brings peace on earth, good will to  
women.

38 *Peace on Earth, Good Will to Women*

The potentates of Christendom

Preach peace to-day with Gatling-  
guns;

Statesmen, to spread good will on earth,

Make cannon-food of mothers' sons;

Yet even in the hot battle's breath

The Red Cross soothes the pangs of  
death,

While eyes the light of life grows dim in

Pray, "Peace on earth, good will to  
women."

To man the race, not men the sex,

The message from on high was sent;

These weary centuries in vain

Men sought, alone, the Christ's intent.

Now, with new-dowered inner ear,

In the angelic strain we hear

A swelling theme, the round world's  
rim in,—

"Peace and good will to men and  
women!"

## AN HONEST CHRISTENING

### THE MOTHER

MY God,  
I pledge this child to Thee,  
To serve Thee three score years and ten.

Although Thine image is in me  
So spoilt, Thou scarce wouldst know 't  
again,—

So warpéd from its sacred uses,  
So scarred and twisted by abuses  
My own life is but half alive,  
I see not how my babe can thrive,—  
Yet grant this prayer to me.

I pledge this child to Thee,  
My God.

### THE FATHER

O Lord,  
My fathers' God,  
I pledge this child to all things good.  
I know that passion's lava-flood  
From the first hour consumes its blood;

Thou knowest the quenchless poison-  
thirst

That long my father's house has cursed,

This is my babe's inheritance:

Passion, disease, intemperance.

And yet, O Lord,

My fathers' God,

I pledge this child to all things good.



## THE 13TH VENDÉMIAIRE

ST. ROCH, PARIS, 1881

FACING these steps he stood—the  
man of fate—

Nearly a hundred years ago—a young  
man then—

New in the world and only a few years  
out of his mother's arms;

All the thousands of restless women and  
men

Now in the streets and the shops were  
dust and ashes then;

All that saw him here, save the church  
walls and the sun,

Are gone now, who knows where? and  
the day, too, it is gone.

Down the little street and there where  
the houses are

Came the citizen troops, as they thought,  
in a righteous war—

Law and order and right against anarchy  
and wrong.

Was it the will of a single man—a hired  
machine—

Or the vast design of God that gave the  
order to fire?

Strange how little we know! But if the  
order had failed,

Or the advancing lines had been a little  
more strong,

Thousands of lives like ours that were  
spent for a good unseen—

By them or us—had passed in peace  
and joy.

Thousands of hearts that bled, and  
voices that wailed

For the husbands, lovers, and sons  
whose bones were scattered by  
him

Over the charnel-house of Europe for  
twenty years,

Had throbbed and sung their joys a  
lifetime as ours do now.

But we who know the whole would  
scarce have chosen this way,

The way of ruin and woe, as the way of  
beauty and love;—  
Was it the voice of the will of a man  
like us—  
Blind and cruel and selfish—that gave  
the order to fire,  
Or the hidden purpose of God? It is  
hard to say.

Yonder on Belgium's plain, where the  
British lion stands  
With conquering paw on the world, his  
end came too.  
Twenty years of war, of anguish, ruin,  
and death,  
Between this day and that—and here  
the beginning of all.  
Can it be that in him, that one small,  
silent man,  
With his sluggish pulse that beat but  
one to our two,  
The seed of this whole bitter tree was  
lying on that day?  
Only a single word,—if God had not  
wished it so,

He might have stopped him then, it  
seems; a wandering ball  
Had changed the course of the world—  
but it must be  
That this heartless servant of death was  
God's servant too.  
Only a word—and the great, cold, grin-  
ning guns  
Spoke with a voice whose echoes lasted  
for twenty years;  
And there where the houses are and the  
careless people go,  
Lay the soulless bodies of men, their  
blood where the water flows,  
Stood the wavering ranks of the living  
soon to die.  
Two short hours, and all was over, the  
harvest begun.  
The steps and the walls of the church—  
God's house—they do not blush  
For the shame they saw that day—God  
must have wished it so.  
Little we know of His ways—we are  
blind; let us go.

## THE PHANTOM GUEST

WE pull together in the yoke  
Of duty, neither shirking;  
I long to praise that heart of oak,  
But shrink, and keep on working;  
Yet oft I think what I should feel  
And say, should aught betide him,—  
If he were lying cold and still  
And I stood warm beside him.

We two are rivals in the race;  
He wins the prize I covet;  
I hate him frankly and lack grace  
To keep my heart above it;  
Yet hate would be a tale that 's told,  
And gladly I 'd abide him,  
If he were lying still and cold  
And I stood warm beside him.

'T is years that we have been estranged,  
Well-nigh forgot the reason;  
All but our cursed pride has changed,  
Changed with the changing season;

Yet I could weep for him until  
His numb, dumb heart should chide  
him,  
If he were lying cold and still  
And I stood warm beside him.

How many hates would be as not,  
How many wrongs be righted,  
Kind words be spoken, now forgot,  
Deeds done that now are slighted,  
If each man had, like them of old,  
This phantom guest to guide him,—  
His fellow lying still and cold,  
Himself all warm beside him!

## THE SONG BEHIND THE SHUTTER

I WALK the streets at night alone,  
The white lights stare and sputter,  
My feet keep time on the pavement-  
stone

To the song behind the shutter.

Behind the shutter the good folk sit;  
By the mirth that follows after  
I note the burst of each sally of wit,  
I hear their glee and laughter.

Their glee and laughter flow unchecked  
By any haunting pity  
For the helmless bark that is drifting  
wrecked  
On the joyous shores of their city.

Alone at night I walk the streets,  
The white lights stare and sputter;  
For hours my homeless heart repeats  
The song behind the shutter.

## VON FERNE

AS one who from his faithful household goes  
Upon a distant journey, set about  
With unknown dangers, yet looks  
bravely out  
Beyond the toils and troubles that he  
knows  
Will settle on his future like the snows  
Of winter, and he dreams of that glad  
day  
When home no longer shall be far  
away,  
And cheers his spirit thus when faith  
burns low—  
So I here on the border of these years  
Through which my feet must wander  
all alone,  
Heart-weary, have one only thought  
that cheers:  
That after all the bitter days have  
flown,  
And after all the heart-ache and the  
tears,  
My faithful love at last may claim its  
own.



## UNWEIT DEM ZIEL

THE wanderer who has left his home  
behind

To seek a happier one 'neath other skies,  
After long days on comfortless ways  
that rise

And turn, footsore and heartsore, eyes  
tearblind,

Mounting a higher peak than others, will  
find

A glorious vision of the longed-for  
place

Stretching sun-kissed along the moun-  
tain's base,

Then goes on cheered and strengthened,  
body and mind.

After unsatisfied yearnings and great  
fears

Such vision has this summer been to  
me,

Full of unspeakable happiness with  
thee,

Into the not-far, ah! but too-far years

When such a summer all our life shall  
be,—

And short the onward journey now  
appears.

## HEIM

WHOM all the choir has sung as  
wayward, coy,

A dear delusion, always just ahead,  
But never to a son of mortal wed,  
Given but to lure us on forever, Joy!  
A resting-place she's found that does  
not cloy,

And she has made her lasting home  
with me;

Sweeter she found the days with Love  
and thee

Than heartless with a million hearts to  
toy.

Ah, with what flowing heart of thank-  
fulness

I think of thee to whom all this I  
owe,—

The better life, the hope, the peaceful-  
ness

Of spirit, and the happiness I know;  
I thank thee, and I pray that God may  
bless,

And grant that stronger still our love  
may grow.

## IMMERGRUEN

**C**HILL winds and gloomy skies are  
driving fast

The summer's glory southward; life  
runs low;

Despairingly the helpless leaves let go  
And tremble graveward on the heartless  
blast;

The feathered minnesingers, too, have  
passed

To happier lands where death and  
winter rob not;

Nature's great heart seems still, her  
pulses throb not;

O'er all the world despair and gloom are  
cast.

Without, despair, but, God! what joy  
within!

A happiness that, thought of, makes  
me start;

Unfading blooms and songs undying,  
when

From outward nature all her charms  
depart,—

For from the sunshine of thy love I win  
An everlasting springtime in my  
heart.

## A GREETING

*C*OURAGE and hope go with thee, who  
hast been

Courage and hope to those thou leav'st  
behind.

Swift as thou run'st thy errand of the  
mind

Our swifter thoughts outspeed thee still, I  
ween,

And go before thee all unheard, unseen,

Forming a presence that shall make  
more kind

The rude caresses of the salty wind,  
More restful still the old town bowered in  
green.

Behold, the days are dust that glitters and  
falls,

The years but as the briefest summer  
night,—

Scarce dark, and dawn is on the east-  
ward slope.

Two things abide: the mighty spirit whose  
calls

Thou followest seaward, and that love  
whose light

More swiftly follows thee. Courage  
and hope !

ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD.

## AN ANSWER

I N these scholastic glooms, my hand  
still warm  
With that fond parting from my West,  
my world,  
If from the dark behind a coward arm  
At my bowed head some poisoned  
lance had hurled,  
I could have borne it well. As the sharp  
blast  
Brings back the life to one about to  
faint,  
Such an attack had made my hands  
clench fast  
And set lips send defiance, not com-  
plaint.  
But thy dear benison falls on my heart  
Like kindly sunshine on a frozen  
slope,  
Melting my numbing will, and down-  
ward start  
The hot and homesick tears. Yet will  
I hope  
The mellowed soil thus moistened may  
bring forth  
A better harvest than that icy earth.

IN ABSENCE—TO HER PICTURE

WHEN the hour comes for putting  
out the light

I go to greet thy picture at the last  
And the dear eyes resistless hold me  
fast—

I cannot blot that sweetness with the  
night;

I stay my breath, the salt mist blinds  
my sight,

But still, love-lustrous when the mist  
is past,

Reproachful trust those dear orbs on  
me cast,

And guilty sorrow overcomes me quite.  
E'en so, meseems, in fierce Othello's  
breast

The strife ran, when with purpose  
passion-fired

He gazed on that fair sleeper,  
doomed to death

Unknowing. Then with jealous-  
poisoned breath

He quenched that light forever. I,  
inspired

By thy dear will, snuff mine, and go  
to rest.

## WASTED SUNSHINE

DEAR God, thy gentle sunlight falls  
Adown the shimmering green  
So lovingly on these cold walls  
And the bright turf between.

It falls so pitilessly sweet  
Across my lonesome way,—  
Its comfort lies about my feet  
In vain, this weary day.

For like a blow my heart doth smite  
The autumn's golden glory,  
As do the rays of heaven's light  
The souls in purgatory.

Dear God, thy blessed sunlight falls  
Athwart my glooming heart,  
But leaves it cold as these cold walls  
The while we are apart.



## SONG AT SUNSET

THE sun goes down in the west,  
To the land where the evening  
star  
Hangs bright on the evening's breast,—  
To the land where my loved ones are.

But the sun, when the night is done,  
Comes up o'er the bitter main;  
Ah, if I were the setting sun  
I never should rise again!

## FAITH

ALTHOUGH I know she is miles  
away,  
I search for her face in the crowd all  
day;  
My hungry eyes wander like Noah's dove  
And find in the man-flood no sign of my  
love.

I know it is foolish, but eyes are too true  
To give up the quest, though they 've  
never a clue;  
One day they shall find the one face  
'neath the sun  
And the parting and longing and watch-  
ing be done.

WHEN MY LADY-LOVE LIVED  
HERE

ONCE this street was holy ground,  
And the friendly walls around  
Seemed to smile as I came near,  
When my lady-love lived here.

So to-day I sought the place,  
Homesick for her blessed face,  
And the senseless walls of stone  
Made me feel the more alone.

Henceforth I will guard my feet  
When they wander toward this street,  
Desolate now as it was dear  
When my lady-love lived here.

When the spirit goes away  
Shall I shun its house of clay?  
Shall I only say, How drear,  
Since my love 's no longer here?

## SHE WAS ALONG

WHEN last I went this way  
The swaying elms among,  
It was a joyous day—  
She was along.

When the grand arch of sky,  
The great air sweet and strong  
Drew forth my soul's reply,  
She was along.

A haunting faint perfume  
Steals o'er me mid the throng;  
When last I smelled that bloom  
She was along.

A wild and nameless pain  
Distracts me in the song:  
Joy once was in the strain—  
She was along.

Could I wipe out the past,  
Would I thus do her wrong?  
Shall I regret at last  
She was along?

## AFTER A WHILE

AFTER a while the goal I failed to  
gain  
Will tease my heart no more, but  
sink from view;  
The sting of loss will ease its sharper  
pain,  
And life's invincible joyousness anew  
My soul beguile  
After a while.

After a while I shall not greatly care  
Whether my foes are fierce or friends  
are true;  
I shall be satisfied to do my share,  
Nor jealously insist upon my due,  
Nor fate revile,  
After a while.

After a while it will not hurt so sore  
    To look upon the spot she loved so  
        well;  
I shall not feel so lonesome when the  
    door  
    Opens and she comes not, missing the  
        spell  
    Of her sweet smile,  
    After a while.

After a while the night will pass away,—  
    The long, long night of waiting and of  
        woe;  
My soul has longed for day or death, but  
    day  
    Must come, must come, though spec-  
        ter-filled and slow  
    The hours defile,  
    After a while.

AND SO WE TWO MUST PART  
AT LAST

AND so the thing we feared has come,  
And so we two must part at  
last,—

We who had said it could not be,  
So often in the past.

We shared a pinched and struggling  
youth,

We fought each other's battles all,  
We kept each other's hopes alive  
Through bitterness and gall.

We mourned when others' loves were  
lost,

More closely each to each we drew;  
Seeing their faith in life go out  
Our hearts together grew.

Our paths led onward side by side;  
The night came down, but aye serene  
Into the gloom we walked, assured  
That nought could come between.

64 *And so We Two must Part at Last*

But evil powers worked in the dark;  
    Though near we heard each other's  
        call,  
When the darkness fled the rising day,  
    Between us rose a wall.

And though the voice sound aye the  
    same

    And though we say that nought has  
        passed,  
The evil day we feared so long  
    Has come on us at last.

This was the last bond of our youth,  
    By this we know that we are men;  
But we never again can love a man  
    As we loved each other then.



## THE TOUCH OF TIME

THE very smile of God  
Lighted the feet that trod  
Love's rosy path one sweet, indelible  
day;

How hardly you had said  
That smile could ever fade  
Or that great splendor ever pass away!

Yet the day had its close;  
Another morning rose,  
Bright, but yet dull to what that day  
did give;

Not twice can human eyes  
Endure the vast surprise  
To look upon the face of God, and live.

Now, tempered and subdued,  
Fitted to mortal mood,

The chastened light suffuses every hour;  
The generous heavens throw  
A pleasing afterglow  
On other hearts, of Love's transfiguring  
power.

. . . . .  
For you, dear one,  
The warm, white sun  
Faded one day mid-sky,  
Grew faint and cold and high,  
Seemed to mock you with its glare,  
Its unsympathetic stare;  
And you fled to the gloom  
Of your empty room,  
And the cold about your heart  
Made you start,  
Made you shiver,  
And think of the quiet of the river,  
And wonder if the sun would ever dare  
to shine again.

But the implacable day  
Rose prompt and mocking-warm,  
(Ah, if you might have had a  
week's delay—  
Of night and storm!)

But the threads began to draw,  
Unseen, scarce felt, of Mother Nature's  
law:

A homely duty here,  
A mean act there,  
That roused the heat of wrath in your  
cold heart;  
A hand for help held out,  
And all about  
Pervasive habit with her comforting  
arms.

So day by day  
The winter wore away;  
Life gained again his own,  
And Love regained his throne—  
Not less nor more,  
But wiser, stronger, and serener than  
before.

## ENTSCHLAFEN

OFt when the mother's hands have  
laid

To quiet sleep her babe so dear

Her heart stands still with sudden  
fear

Lest this be Death in masquerade.

When the last silence of our clay

Falls on the blossom lips that late

Spake blessings inarticulate

And tried her name but yesterday,

The mother's heart with hope will leap—

So faithful is the counterfeit—

While something whispers low to it,

“Thy little one has fallen asleep.”

Ah, heaven, the dumb mystery

That lies below the unopening eye!

Named with the name that withers  
joy,

At least we know not else of thee.

And thou dear Saxon mother-tongue,  
When the loved form lies cold and  
stark,  
When hope is sick and nature dark,  
And all the deep heartstrings are wrung,  
When round the grave the mourners  
weep  
Thank Heaven for thy sweet comfort-  
ing,  
As the priest's voice prays quavering,  
"Our little one has fallen asleep."

## NATURE'S EPITAPH

WHO knows where the graveyard is  
Where the fox and the eagle lie?  
Who has seen the obsequies  
Of the red deer when they die?

With death they steal away  
Out of the sight of the sun;  
Out of the sight of the living, they  
Pay the debt and are done.

No marble marks the place;  
The common forest brown  
Covers them over with Quaker grace  
Just where they laid them down.

But a few years, if you see  
In summer a deeper green  
Here and there, it is like to be  
The spot where their bones have been.

Thus, not more, to the poor dead year:  
No grave, nor ghostly stone,  
But a greener life and a warmer cheer  
Be the only sign that he's gone.

## CHILDHOOD IN THE SLUMS

THESE little lips have learned  
The language of wrath and sin,  
And the cheeks of one unused grow  
pale

At the sounds his ears take in.

Yet the thoughtless, unkind word  
On the o'erwrought mother's part  
Has found its way past the tiger spots  
And broken the childish heart.

## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

M. H.

**T**HROUGH life's enchanted palace  
did she keep

Her joyous way, heart-sunshine in her  
face

And on her lips a benedical grace,  
And eyes, it seemed, that knew not how  
to weep.

Then came a jealous fate; sudden and  
deep

He thrust the poisoned thorn; a little  
space,

And silence falls and darkness o'er the  
place—

And she and all the palace with her sleep.

There she lies spellbound sleeping, while  
the hedge

Of rose-thorned time divides us more  
each day,

Until the Lord of Love Immortal make



The thorns turn into bloom, hope's rosy  
pledge,  
And on her waiting lips His warm kiss  
lay,  
And she and all the palace with her  
wake.

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY  
VICTORY?

C. A. G.

FOR twenty years did Nature wait  
without,  
Besetting that storm-beaten tenement,  
Claiming her debt; from door to door  
she went,  
Rude battering with all her hostile rout.  
And we who helpless waiting stood  
about,  
While frail walls tottered and light  
bolts were bent,  
Dreading each day to see some fatal  
rent,  
We marvelled how that house should  
prove so stout.  
But Love was there, the lord of Life and  
Death,  
And held the importunate enemy at  
bay;  
Yet when his work was done, all  
peacefully

*O Grave, Where Is Thy Victory?* 75

As dawn grows day, Life yielded up his  
    breath,  
    Surrendering to a vanquished en-  
        emy,  
And took Love's hand in his and  
    went away.

## THE SETTING

C. A. G.

HIS lesser gems the lapidary sets  
In cunning marvels of the gold-  
smith's art,  
Whose fretted bars and filigrees im-  
part  
An added brilliance to their starry jets;  
But the great balls of diamond fire he lets  
Into plain circlets whence contrasted  
dart  
Their lambent glories, dazzling in such  
sort  
That the rapt sight the setting clean  
forgets.  
God put the luminous soul of her who past  
Into that frail and anguish-stricken  
frame,  
That its supernal splendor might con-  
trast  
With its sad setting, till the living  
flame  
Burned the slight dross away, and at the  
last  
Transfigured to the Master's crown  
she came.

## ON ONE WHO DIED IN CHILDBIRTH

N. T. H.

“**A**LONE,” we groan, when others  
die, “alone!”

Out of the joyous sunlight of this  
earth,

Through the dark portals of the sec-  
ond birth

Into the limitless Unknown, alone!

Ah, sad to stand before His splendid  
throne,

Or wander wistful mid celestial mirth,  
The human heart still hungry with  
love's dearth,

In all that City of God alone unknown!

How kinder Death to her! Behind the  
veil,

The sun-bright shadow cast athwart  
our night,

78 *On One Who Died in Childbirth*

Her angel lingered, lest her heart  
should fail,

Until, their souls well knit, they passed  
away,

Pure of the earth with pure of heaven  
aflight

Through God's wide fields, communing  
all the day.

## HAGEN UND VOLKER

C. F. S.

(*Nibelungenlied, Abenteuer 29*)

I N Etzel's land they sat long years ago  
In the tense evening of that fatal  
day;

On Hagen's knees a naked sword  
there lay,

And Volker stroked his baleful fiddle-  
bow.

So the Fair Vengeance found them coun-  
selling low;

No greeting but defiance offered they

To her fierce menaces, and kept at bay

With grim, sad eyes the wily Hunnish  
foe.

When insolent Fate, with doom in either  
hand

Came lording on us as we sat alone

Before the battle, friend, we did not  
rise,  
But each read fealty in the other's  
eyes,  
And like those doughty Niblungs daunt-  
less scanned  
Her scowling ministers, and faced  
them down.



## WEEDS

POOR, homely, unloved things beside  
the way,

That strive in voiceless ignominy, still  
Undaunted though downtrodden, to  
fulfil

Your appointed purpose! Patient the  
long day

Ye take the buffetings of scornful clay,  
Sustained by that small portion of  
God's dew

Which thick-strewn dust permits to  
fall on you,

And live where finer herbs must wilt  
away.

Have ye, too, dreams of better things to  
be:

Of worlds in which the crooked shall  
be straight,

Where all that are in bondage shall be  
free

And lifted up all those of low estate;  
Where, to the thought that knows the  
potent seeds,

Weeds shall be e'en as flowers, flowers as  
weeds?

## ADAM'S FIRST SLEEP

WHEN that first sleep on father  
Adam fell  
And his sweet world of Eden swooned  
away,  
Knowing nor sleep nor waking till that  
day  
He had no other thought but all was  
well  
And yielded all-confiding to the spell.  
Lo, when the world of sense resumed  
its sway,  
Supernal Eve, sleep-born, beside him  
lay,  
And joy was his beyond what words can  
tell.  
How foolish, then, our fears of that last  
sleep!  
No more than Adam of the end we  
know.  
When we lie down at last, may not we  
keep  
Trust that the reawakening will show  
Life freed from clogs of error, pain, and  
pelf,  
The old, sweet Eden, but a nobler self?

## MOTHER, WHAT CHEER ?

MOTHER, I stand upon the storm-  
    whipt shore  
Of that salt flood whose sources are  
    our tears,  
Whose other coast,—O land of hopes  
    and fears!—  
No man knows if it be, forevermore.  
Mindful of thee I sadly reckon o'er  
    The clustering blessings of these later  
        years;  
My sun-kissed fields are full of bending  
    ears,  
The heaped grain lies about the thresh-  
    ing-floor.  
But thou, mother,—I call across the  
    flood  
    If haply any tiding I may hear.  
Earth was a flint-strewn tread-mill  
    where the blood  
    From thy brave feet marks out thy  
    sad career,  
And night fell ere thou sawest the dear-  
    bought good—  
I call across the wave—Mother, what  
    cheer?

## SOMETHING REMAINS

FRIEND, there be some who say the  
    gods are dead,  
And all the grace of the world's earlier  
    day  
And lingering light of heaven passed  
    away,  
And the fine bloom of life forever shed;  
They say the dryads and the nymphs  
    are fled;  
No fauns or satyrs in the clearings  
    play,  
Ceres and Bacchus with their bright  
    array  
Winepress and threshing-floor no longer  
    tread.

But never Hesiod tasted sweeter thing,  
    Horace, nor Master Walther Vogel-  
    weid,  
Than I who sit upon a carpet fair  
Of new-born verdure, in this joyous  
    spring,  
God in my heart, my dear ones at my  
    side,  
Glad just to breathe the universal  
    air.

TO SOME FRIENDS MADE LONG  
AGO AT SEA

J. M. B.

DEAR phantoms of my summer's  
golden dream!

Across the gulf of miles and years I  
fling

This ghostly greeting, trusting it may  
sing

No swan-song of remembrance, but  
redeem

One sweet and pleasant thing from  
Lethe's stream,

Ere it be swept away. Fond images

Of the inconstant air! what sorceries  
Shall I employ to make you what you  
seem?

If, being dreams, I know that ye have  
been,

How can I know less surely that ye  
may

Become again substantial, and within

Some interstellar argosy one day,

No dear one missing, we may meet again,

And read earth's tales to while the  
time away.

## GOD KNEW WHAT STORMY SEAS

P. D. A.

DEAR uncomplaining, sunny-hearted  
friend,

The storms that snap thy graver fel-  
lows short,

The waves that make our destinies  
their sport,

Leave thee still undismayed. The floods  
descend

On thy unroofed home; the big clouds  
send

Merciless hail intent to blot thee out;

Unfaltering above the ruin and rout

Thy clear voice rings serene unto the end.

I marvel much what spiritual mail

Thus keeps thee scatheless; yet let no  
man think

Unbroken is unfeeling,—thou'dst not  
quail,

But still be cheerful on the grave's  
sharp brink:

God knew what stormy seas thy bark  
should sail,

And made it buoyant that it might not  
sink.

## LIEDER OHNE WORTE

L. E. S.

THE high, unearthly sweetness of  
these airs,  
Wrung out long, long ago by love and  
grief  
From the great master's heartstrings,  
for relief  
Thrilling thus passionately through the  
years  
Rather than break outright, into our  
ears  
Steals softly, unannounced—a kindly  
thief,—  
And, breathing on our dusty strings,  
in brief  
Sets them to singing, and we stand in  
tears.  
Type of the joys and woes of thousands,  
worn  
Serenely and untrumpeted, but turned

Into the voiceless music of loving  
deeds,  
Whose influence ineffable is borne  
Round the great globe to cheerless  
souls that yearned  
In darkness for this answer to their  
needs.



## A POET TO A VIOLINIST

I CAN set words in order; I can charm  
With thoughts the heart divined  
but could not speak;

Can with the call of honor flush the  
cheek

Or blanch it with the echoes of alarm.

But puny are my powers to thine arm,  
Who wieldst the master-bow. Thou  
needst not seek

The utterance, inadequate and weak,  
Of language and the stumbling stilts of  
form.

From that quaint casket, spanned with  
throbbing chords,

As 't were my heartstrings, thou canst  
voices draw

Ineffably sad, soft, inarticulate words;  
Canst rule my soul against my reason's  
law,

Rouse yearnings that no language can  
express

And break my heart for very tenderness.

## CHARLES ROBINSON OF KANSAS

WHEN the great ice-floes from the  
pole moved down  
To plow and harrow the mid-continent,  
Upon them rode the granite masses,  
rent  
In passing from the mountains gray and  
brown  
Of the still, frozen North. Men see them  
crown  
The midland knolls, their errant  
forces spent,  
In splendid isolation eloquent,  
Seeming at times to smile, at times to  
frown.  
Of such stern substance was our  
Robinson.  
He rode the human drift—yet steered,  
no less—  
That blest the West with men of  
*Mayflower* stock;  
Conscious of strength he loved to stand  
alone,  
Steadfast and cool amid the storm  
and stress,  
On Kansas plains a piece of Ply-  
mouth Rock.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(Died June 13, 1878)

EVEN as the glowing sun sinks in the  
west  
After a perfect cloudless summer day,  
Brim full of busy hours and minutes  
gay  
That with its genial beams have been  
caressed,  
His tireless hands have found their well-  
earned rest  
After these many toilful, fruitful  
years,  
And full of light his life sun disappears  
From all the grateful scenes its rays had  
blessed.  
In him dumb Nature found a skilful  
tongue  
For all the thoughts wherewith her  
breast is rife;  
Old Homer's harp, by him most sweetly  
strung,  
Has twanged Odysseus' woes and  
Ilion's strife;  
But yet of all the songs this minstrel sung  
The noblest was the poem of his life.

## TO JOHN G. WHITTIER

J. M. M.

(In memory of a visit to the poet by two friends, one from South Carolina, the other from Kansas.)

**B**ENIGNANT spirit, to thy hallowed  
seat

Led by the homage due to seer and  
sage,

Came late two children of the newer  
age

To sit a deathless hour at thy feet;

One from the freshened ardor and gener-  
ous heat

Of the palmetto's twice-bought heri-  
tage,

And one made from the plains his  
pilgrimage

Where bleeding Kansas' wounds are  
healed with wheat.

Oh, well for thee, my country, proud and  
fair,

When the new North, reborn in the  
wide West,

And the new South, in such serener air,  
Shall the new Union in one fane  
invest

Of sweet good will—and woe to those  
who tear

Like vampires the old wounds upon  
thy breast!

## JOHN BROWN

HAD he been made of such poor clay  
as we,  
Who, when we feel a little fire aglow  
'Gainst wrong within us, dare not let  
it grow,  
But crouch and hide it, lest the scorner  
see  
And sneer, yet bask our self-complacency  
In that faint warmth,—had he been  
fashioned so,  
The nation ne'er had come to that  
birth-throe  
That gave the world a new humanity.  
He was no vain professor of the word—  
His life a mockery of his creed;—he  
made  
No discount on the Golden Rule, but  
heard  
Above the Senate's brawls and din of  
trade  
Ever the clank of chains, until he  
stirred  
The nation's heart on that immortal  
raid.

## IT DOES NOT PAY

IT does not pay to struggle so  
And let the blessed present go—  
To hang wind-swung with hopes and  
fears,  
And long sore-hearted through the  
years,  
While round our feet heaven's violets  
grow.

Our soul's best treasure we bestow  
On fame—for what, we do not know;  
But cares increase, and graves, and  
tears—

It does not pay.

Far off the treacherous vistas show  
Dim splendors in a golden glow;  
Beside us, seen too late, appears  
The hateful woman with the shears;  
Alas, we struggle on although  
It does not pay.

## THE MASTER OF BRYNWOOD

FAIR Brynwood looks out from the  
hill

O'er thicket and terrace and lawn,  
Every tree in its place knows the light  
of his face,

But the Master of Brynwood is gone.

As aforetime the tremulous east

Climbs up toward the sky in the dawn,  
But his worshipping eyes who saw God  
in those skies,

The Master of Brynwood is gone.

The treasures of art that he loved

From the walls that he built beckon  
down;

On the shelves crowd the friends he had  
brought from earth's ends,

But the Master of Brynwood is gone.



We shall miss the quick wit at the board,  
The wise word from counsel with-  
drawn;

We shall start as we turn to his place but  
to learn

That the Master of Brynwood is gone.

Yet his spirit, a presence benign,  
In all his loved haunts will live on;  
His life added worth to this corner of  
earth,  
Though the Master of Brynwood be  
gone.

Dear Mistress of Brynwood, be strong;  
Our hearts too are sore with your pain;  
God's love be your stay till He give you  
one day  
The Master of Brynwood again.

## BENEATH THE ICE

**B**ENEATH the ice the waters run—  
The roof by frost-elves deftly  
    spun—

Unseen, yet no less rapidly  
To meet the ever-waiting sea  
And with the great deep be made one.

The stream that under summer's sun  
Turbid and angry tumbled on,  
From every taint of earth is free  
    Beneath the ice.

This life, in storm and stress begun,  
Ere all its seaward course is done  
    May its snow-covered levels be  
Of passion quit and vanity,—  
Of self and selfish cares be none  
    Beneath the ice.

## THE TIDE IS OUT

THE tide is out, and left and right  
Full many a grewsome, uncouth  
sight

The marshy river flats reveal,  
While here and there a venturous keel  
Creeps warily through some shallow  
bight.

Above, the sea-gulls gray and white  
Weird calling wing their heavy flight;  
The dripping piers despondent feel  
The tide is out.

Thus in the soul erst crystal bright  
Unlovely objects come to light,  
When the high floods of faith and zeal,  
Wont with their kind waves to conceal  
Our frailties, ebb, and in the night  
The tide is out.

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## UNDER THE LEAVES

A CARPET all of faded brown,  
On the gray bough a dove that  
         grieves;

Death seemeth here to have his own,  
But the spring violets nestle down  
Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes,  
 Locks in which Care her silver weaves;  
 Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,  
 But God He knoweth on what wise  
 Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies  
 Under the leaves.

## A STORMY NIGHT

THE wind is full of homeless souls—  
    *Each man pray for his near ones!*  
They wail along the lower sky  
And the tops of the great elms toss and  
    sigh—  
    *May God protect my dear ones!*

The cold moon rides with her evil eye—  
    *Each man pray for his near ones!*  
The storm is rising from the sea  
And all the spirits of wrath are free—  
    *May God protect my dear ones!*

The clouds scud low above the lea—  
    *Each man pray for his near ones!*  
Ere morn what boat may lie on the  
    shoals?  
What home be a heap of ashes and coals?  
    *May God protect my dear ones!*

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY  
THE SEA

(Theme from Euripides)

WOULD God I were now by the sea,  
On the sandy, sea-weed shore,  
Where the waves from the other side of  
the world  
Roll in forever with high crests curled,  
Roll in for evermore.

Would God I were now on the shore  
With the smooth sand 'neath my feet,  
With the salt fresh gale blowing round  
my head,  
And the scolding sea-gulls with wings  
outspread,—  
The sea-gulls flying fleet.

Would God I were now on the wave,  
On the rising, sinking deck,

*Would God I Were Now by the Sea* 103

While the cares that have made me  
    weary of time  
Might still have the mountain wall to  
    climb  
And never find my track.

Would God I were now on the deck,  
    Far front on the soaring prow,  
With eyes on the far-off, phantom sail,  
Or the changing green of the swirling  
    swale,—  
The soft green field we plow.

Ah, God, for the giant sea,  
    The restless, restful sea!  
With wife and wee one close by my side  
And a few good friends with their dis-  
    course wide  
To soothe and comfort me.

## KING ARTHUR'S HUNT

A Legend of Gasconne \*

O H, Arthur the King on a Sunday  
morn

In a country church was praying,  
When he heard through the door the  
blast of a horn,

And his good hound Hauston baying.

Oh, his huntsman's heart leaped sharp  
in his breast,

And his lips forgot their duty;

He rose from his knees all unconfessed  
To follow the forest's booty.

But woe is the man, be he knave or king,

Who lightly leaves his praying,

For love, or for danger, or anything,

Yea, even a deer-hound's baying.

\* It is a curious fact in folk-lore that this legend, essentially that of the Wild Huntsman, should be found in southern France attached to King Arthur.



But Arthur the King's on his courser's  
back,

And his horn makes a music merry,—  
When the tempests of God snatch hunter  
and pack

And up to the welkin carry.

And ever unshriven along the sky,

At midnight, with wild hallooing  
And baying of hounds, King Arthur  
storms by,

A phantom stag pursuing.

And when on a wild and furious night

The children are tucked under cover,  
They murmur a prayer, twixt pity and  
fright,

For the poor king flying over.

## FAREWELL TO A MODEST SCHOLAR

(ARTHUR GRAVES CANFIELD)

WITHOUT ado, as he has done  
His work among us, he 'll be  
gone.

The rulers will not realize  
That they have lost a priceless prize.  
Serenely they will meet the case  
And talk of filling Canfield's place;  
Who know him, know such hope is vain;  
Wise, patient, clear, judicious, fair,  
The artist temper, fine and rare—  
We shall not see his like again.

He had not learned to sound the trump  
Of his own merits, nor could pump  
Praise from his students, *quid pro quo*;  
He did not keep a press bureau.  
He never slapped the powers that be  
In jovial jest upon the knee.  
He minded his own business, which  
He understood to be—to teach;

Impartially to gem and clod  
He taught as in the fear of God.

He taught as in the fear of God;  
The toilsome, patient way he trod,  
Knowing that what is built to stay  
Is never builded in a day;  
That conscience in the teacher's ways  
More teaches than her loudest praise  
From such as follow wandering lights  
Of gain, world's plaudits, rank, and  
spites;  
That scholarship and character  
Worth more than show and trappings  
are.

He had no cabinets to show  
Of Nature's wonders set a-row,  
The output of his annual pains,  
He merely worked in human brains;  
Dealt in the deathless thoughts of men—  
His tool the inconspicuous pen.  
His has the thankless office been  
To represent the things unseen.  
Without ado, as he has done  
His work among us, he 'll be gone.

## MY MUSE

N O coy Greek to lure and tease me,—  
All her thought intent to please  
me,

On a stool my chair beside,  
Saxon-haired and Scottish-eyed,  
Sits my muse, a sprite substantial.

I am forced to do no wooing;  
Half the time I hear her cooing,  
Hear her patter on the floor,  
Or her tapping at my door,—  
Keep her out? What mortal man shall?

She has pinky arms and bosom—  
It would break my heart to lose 'em;  
And her stature 's not divine—  
Somewhere about three feet nine;  
Reynolds never would have missed her.

She 's her will of me for wishing,  
And to-day she goes a-fishing  
    With a mahlstick for a pole,  
    For her line a shoestring whole,—  
What brook-dweller could resist her?

I cannot; my rhymes confusing,  
She has caught, this maid amusing,  
    Her papa, without a hook,  
    Pulled him clean out of his book,  
And a foolish fish I flounder.

## THE PLACE TO BE BORN

I MET last night a wand'ring sprite,  
Flying the wide world over,  
Prepared for birth on God's dear earth,  
A body-seeking rover.

"God greet thee, man," the sprite began,  
"Right glad I am to meet thee;  
To-morrow morn I 'm to be born;  
Thy counsel, I entreat thee."

"Asia I scanned and Europe-land—  
Scenes I should be forlorn in;  
Thou 'st travelled wide; help me decide  
The best place to be born in."

"Dear sprite," I said, "I praise thy  
head;  
Far more than rich bonanzas  
Thy birthplace worth; thou 'lt find on  
earth  
No better place than Kansas."

## FLOWER AND SONG

### I

I DUG a little flower  
From out the forest-shade,  
And set it in my garden  
Where light and sunshine played.

I went to watch it daily,  
I tended it with care,  
And said, "With this no other  
Shall ever dare compare."

And yet it slowly withered  
Beneath the cheerful sun,  
And died there in my garden  
Before a week was done.

### II

I took a little fancy  
From out my tangled brain,  
And set it to the music  
Of an old-time, sweet refrain.

### III

I decked it out in figures,  
I nursed it with fine words,  
And said, "My little songlet  
Shall be sung by all the birds."

Its spirit waned and vanished  
Beneath its wordy weight,  
And it died with all its music  
And met the flower's fate.



## A MIRACLE

DOWN through the dusty streets  
I go:

The prosy brick fronts stand arow;  
Electric wires besieve the sky,  
Electric cars go clanging by;  
The July sun malignant glares  
Upon the huckster's drooping wares;  
The sparrows in the gutter flirt  
Ditch-water on my lady's skirt;  
Two miles of this to Boston town,—  
Enough to cast one's spirits down!  
Then suddenly a breath of air,  
Unheralded, from who knows where,  
Brings to my sense an odor faint,  
Unrecognized yet eloquent,  
And, whiff! the dulsome street is gone—  
Before me towers the Pantheon!  
Behind that mighty portico  
Lurk the great gods of long ago;  
About me flit the imperious shades  
Of those who built these colonnades:

Agrippa, he who talked with Paul,  
Trajan, Septimius and all  
The older and the newer lords  
Who bound the Seven Hills with cords.  
Time is wiped out, and once again  
I mingle with Italian men,  
While on me, scarce a league from home,  
Falls the immortal spell of Rome.

## EVERY SPRING IS GREENER

I WAS walking with the senator to  
catch the early train,—

The senator with stocks and bonds  
galore,—

And for fit commercial phrases I was  
cudgelling my brain,

When quite unexpectedly

Said the senator to me:

“Somehow this spring seems greener  
than any spring before.”

“I see no especial reason, and it was  
not always so,

But I’ve noticed it a dozen years or  
more;

And I wonder whether others, when the  
green begins to grow

Bright enough to catch the eye,

Feel about it as do I:

That each new spring is greener than  
any spring before.”

The senator is hearty, but his crown is  
growing gray,—

His years are fifty-three or fifty-four,—  
And this may not be the reason, but I  
rather think it may,—

For the contrast with the snow  
On his head perhaps may show  
Why the green each spring seems greener  
than any spring before.

Youth, they say, is hope's own season,  
but they know not what they  
mean;

Youth's a butterfly that wings the  
garden o'er,  
Seeking gaudy flowers that perish, while  
in age that glides serene  
Down life's final snowy slope  
Stronger grows immortal hope  
And every spring is greener than any  
spring before.

## THE GOSPEL OF HATE

"We are unanimous in our hatred of England."—*From a late interview with a late statesman.*

HATE England? Hate our kith and kin

That speak our common mother-tongue,  
The speech that Hampden thundered in,  
The tones that Burns and Milton  
sung?

Hate England? Hate our ancient home,  
Whose every acre knows a story,  
From Caithness' crags to Cornwall's foam,  
Of Keltic pluck and Saxon glory?

But who is this that preaches hate?  
I think we know the accent well,—  
The fallen archangel of our State,  
The scoffing civic infidel,

Who built a great renown of spite,  
Who called the Christian statesman  
fool,  
Who based his law of right on might  
And cast away the Golden Rule.

So, while the bells of Christendom  
Tell earthly homes and empyrean  
That Christ, the Prince of Peace, is come,  
The lowly, loving Galilean,

A new messiah clears his throat  
Bad tidings of great woe to tell,  
And utters with discordant note  
The gospel of the reign of hell.

And thoughtless followers mid the murk  
Of war revise the angels' strain:  
Peace e'en to the unspeakable Turk,  
Good will to all but Englishmen!

Hate lust for land, and hate no less  
The greed that seeks its gain in gore;  
Stand firm as England taught us, yes,  
Against aggression evermore.

Hate bullying? Aye. Hate greed? Amen.

Hate tyranny and wrong? Forever—  
In Briton or American;

But hate all England? Shame! No,  
never!

## A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

WHILE Christmas comes around  
but once a year  
With Christmas revelry and Christmas  
cheer,  
Life starts anew with each new morning  
ray  
And every day, thank God, is New  
Year's Day.



## OLD YEAR AND NEW

THE Old Year has done what it could  
for me;

All of it that was good for me

Has now become a part of me.

Whatever the New may bring to me,

May only the good of it cling to me

And enter into the heart of me.

## TO-MORROW

(Free after a Spanish song)

**B**LEST of love but yesterday,  
Lorn of love to-day I sorrow;  
Though to-morrow I should die,  
Yet to-day and eke to-morrow  
Would I dream of yesterday.

## LIFE

(From the Italian of Metastasio)

THE Past is not, but memory  
With vivid brush recalls it;  
The Future is not, but fond hope  
With eager breath forestalls it.  
The Present only is—a flash—  
It passes ere the thunder's crash.  
Such, then, is life and all that 's in it:  
A hope, a memory, and a minute.

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A LAW SCHOOL

(University of Kansas)

OF old upon the mountain height,  
Subdued by deep and solemn awe,  
His face aglow with unknown light,  
The Hebrew seer received the law.

No maze of precedent confused  
The feet that first on Sinai trod;  
The primal code of Israel used  
The plain and simple will of God.

May those who gather at this shrine,  
Both those who teach and those who  
learn,  
As to a presence all divine  
Bring hearts that for God's service  
burn.

Here, as of old upon the mount,  
The law to men shall be revealed,  
And here at learning's christening font  
Her chosen Levites shall be sealed.

Grant in this later day, O Lord,  
That right and law may blend in one,  
And justice show a flaming sword  
To every wrong beneath the sun.

## LIFE AT K. S. U.

(Air: *'S gibt kein schöner Leben*)

NEITHER prince nor peasant leads  
a life so pleasant

As the student's life at K. S. U.

Fair Mount Oread daily he ascendeth  
gaily

And descends again when day is  
through;

By his side a maiden with whose books  
he's laden

And perhaps a vagrant thought or two;  
Who can see and wonder that he's loth  
to sunder

His associations with K. U.

Or, since tastes will vary and the maids  
be chary,

Some with bulldogs have to be con-  
tent;

Not on sweets and flowers, all their coin  
and powers

Now on pipes and puppycakes are  
spent.  
And, *mirabile dictu!* there are some who  
stick to  
Study, when they 've nothing else to  
do;  
Who can see and wonder that they 're  
loth to sunder  
Their associations with K. U.  
  
Earth 's no vision rarer, not a landscape  
fairer  
Then each day before our eyes ex-  
pands;  
Kansas skies are bluer, Kansas hearts  
are truer  
Than the hearts and skies of other  
lands.  
Then whate'er the weather, let us sing  
together:  
Rock Chalk for the Crimson and the  
Blue;  
Neither prince nor peasant leads a life  
so pleasant  
As the student's life at K. S. U.

TRINK AUF MEIN WOHL MIT  
AUGEN NUR

*(Aus dem Englischen von Ben Jonson)*

TRINK auf mein Wohl mit Augen  
nur,

So trink' ich auch auf deins,  
Oder im Becher lass 'nen Kuss,  
So wünscht' ich nie des Weins.  
Den Durst, der von der Seele steigt,  
Nur Himmelsnektar stillt,  
Den deinen tauscht' ich aber nicht  
Um den, der Göttern quillt.

Dir schickt' ich jüngst 'nen Rosenkranz,  
Dir nicht so wohl zur Ehr',  
Als in der Hoffnung, dass bei Dir  
Er unverwelket wär';  
Du hauchtest nur die Rosen an  
Und sandst sie wieder mir,  
Da blühn und duften sie, fürwahr,  
Nach Rosen nicht, nach Dir.



## OFT IN DER STILLEN NACHT

*(Aus dem Englischen von Thomas Moore)*

OFT in der stillen Nacht,  
Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,  
Sanft mir's im Herzen tagt

Von Zeiten, die vergangen;  
Die Freud', das Leid der Kinderzeit,  
Die holden Wort' gesprochen,  
Die Augen lieb, versunken trüb,  
Treu' Herzen nun gebrochen;  
So senkt die stille Nacht,

Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,  
Sanft um mich her das Licht  
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.

Denk' ich der Freunde all'

Also verknüpft, wie Blätter  
Zerstreuet nach dem Fall

Des Laubs im Winterwetter,  
Mir ist, wie dem, der einsam käm'  
Zum Saale nach dem Schmause,  
Die Fackeln fort, die Kränz' verdorrt,  
Die Gäste längst nach Hause;  
So senkt die stille Nacht,

Eh mich der Schlaf befangen,  
Sanft um mich her das Licht  
Der Zeiten, die vergangen.









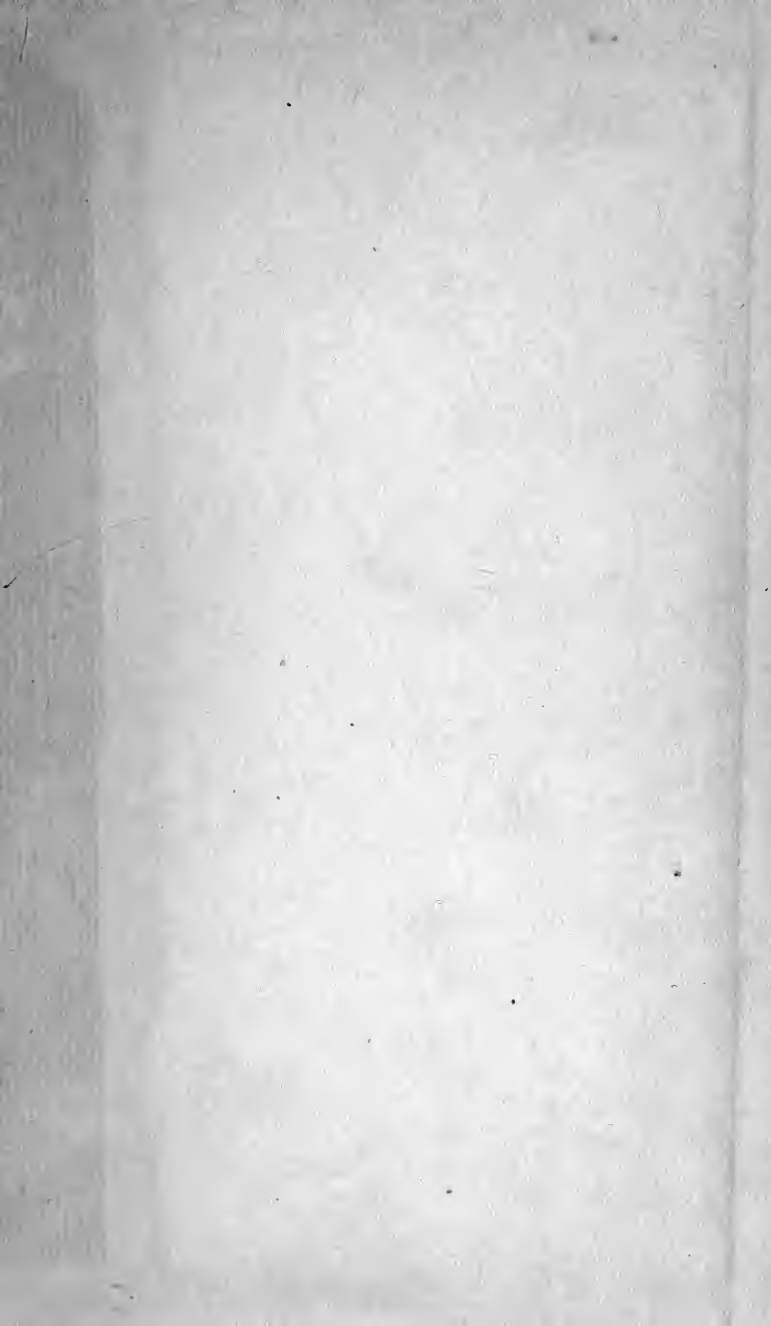
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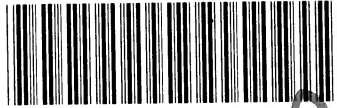
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